

Good Morning 657

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Your Letter said R.S.V.P.— Ron Richards Replies

THE first letter on my list this week is from the First Lieutenant of a new submarine, Lieut. King says he is looking forward to the time when he will be supplied with "Good Morning."

For the compliment, I thank you. Happy reading.

He mentions, too, the gorgeous gals who adorn the aft ends. Some paste-down girls (photographs, not models) are already in the post. I hope you make good use of them in one way or another.

Sorry about the poker dice. They are still ungettable anywhere. Why don't you teach the crew to knit or something?

THE new captain of H.M. Submarine "Unrivalled" finds in the correspondence file that we have been in touch with his ship for some time.

Yes, sir, we have frequently heard from your boat, and we hope our happy relationship will continue.

My colleagues join me in wishing you and all your crew every success in your new commission.

Glad to hear the crew all enjoyed their leave. I have yet to hear of a submariner who didn't enjoy his leave.

MISS KATHLEEN STILL, W.R.N.S., writes from her Southend quarters to request that we send her love to her fiancé and brother, both of whom are serving in submarines.

Miss Still apologises for the inconvenience caused our two staff men when they followed up a letter of request by going down to see her with the object of getting a message from her.

It was a very unfortunate business, but there is no justification for an apology from anyone but the V.R. Lieutenant who got stropky and refused to let Miss Still send any message to her fiancé.

Naturally, we are taking the matter up with Admiralty Press Division, and I am sure the matter will be cleared up.

Anyway, the letter from Southend this morning assures me that the lady is quite well and that she is looking forward to seeing both her men come home.

In closing, Miss Still says: "Pass on to them my fondest love. May God give them courage to be patient." The two lucky guys, of course, are Sid Berry and James Still.

YOU got me all wrong, Joe. I don't think you are flanneling me about the beer situation out there. I have heard from several sources that it is hard to come by and

not worth it anyway. Believe me, pal, you have all my sympathies, even though I'm not a drinking man myself. Already this point has been mentioned in places where something might be done, and I hope that soon some action will be taken. Next best thing I can do is to promise you a good wet when you come home.

I'm quite sure you and your oppo, Willie Garlick won't let me down about the pen-pals. They are both nice girls and I hope you get around to meeting them one night. Thanks for the tip about the foster-parents of Trident. We will be peddling down Canon Street soon to see what cooks.

LETTER from H.Neth.M. Submarine "Dolfin" is signed by Lieut. Peter King, R.N.V.R., who is the B.N.L.O.

Once again the request is for dice. I'm terribly sorry about this, but we can't make the darn things. . . .

Glad to get your letter, sir. How is "Good Morning" received in Allied boats? We would be glad to hear some criticism from you. Perhaps there is some specific news you would like, or some pictures of your pre-war home towns as they were then.

If anything in this line has any interest for you, please let me know. We have, or can get, pictures of practically anyone or anything—try us out.

SO VERY sorry I was unable to get up to your blessing party, Spurs, I was disappointed.

Mr. Mann tells me that the adoption by Samuel Stephen is under way, and that you are all going down to see them at Crystal Palace soon. I'll be there.

Thanks, by the way, to Lieuts. Beale and Walters for the tinctures and chat at a spearhead party. Good luck from this end to both crews, no doubt we will be hearing from you.

Cornish Pastie

THE little Cornish town of Callington is in need of £100 for the repair of its pavements.

The local Council wanted to raise it out of the rates, but the Ministry of Health refused to sanction the levy.

Ratepayers held a meeting and decided to raise the money by a "voluntary rate" of 3d. in the £.

If every ratepayer gives his 3d. the problem of the pavements will be solved. And any who refuse are going to be very unpopular down Callington way!

If You Can Read This You're One of the Few

YOU have probably never met anyone over the age of fourteen who could not read or write. When occasionally a case crops up in the courts of someone being unable to read the oath, it is a "sensation."

Yet the plain fact is that the majority of men and women in the world can neither read nor write.

Don't imagine they are all "untutored savages." There are millions of adults in Spain, Portugal, Brazil, Mexico and Turkey, to whom the simplest printed notice is meaningless and who could not write a cheque for a million pounds if they had it.

There is no country in the world with one hundred per cent. literacy. In the Scandinavian countries less than ten persons in a thousand are illiterate. In Britain the figure in 1939 was estimated to be about 40 persons per 1,000 of the adult population. Since then many thousands have learned to read and write through Army courses.

Illiteracy is one of the world's great problems, for it is obvious that where men and women cannot write their standard of life must be low and the possibilities of their taking part in government remote.

Gandhi at one time opposed campaigns for literacy on the grounds that all too many people could already read and too few could think. But he changed his mind, and even took the view that literacy should be the qualification for getting a vote.

Mere ability to read and write is nothing more than a convenience, it is true, and the rarer ability to appreciate what is read or to write intelligently is much rarer. But obviously one must precede the other and only the crank would argue that the world would not be a better place if every adult who can could read.

It is not so long since reading

No reflection on the author.

ALEX DILKE

and writing were considered the privilege of the few, even in civilised countries. It was only after compulsory education came to Britain 75 years ago that the majority of Britons became literate.

And the process was slow, for literacy came through the children learning and the illiterate old people dying, rather than through a definite campaign against illiteracy. Even 19 years after the Act, in an average 1,000 British adults 480 could not read or write.

In Russia as recently as 1920, illiteracy amounted to 60 per cent. of the men and 70 per cent. of the women. The rulers of the U.S.S.R. realised that the country could not go ahead until illiteracy disappeared.

SAID THE LAW.

They made a tremendous attack on illiteracy and, apart from the children, who were all taught to read and write, some 100,000,000 adults have learned in the last 25 years. To-day it is an offence against the law to be illiterate—the only country, possibly, with such a law, although others have laws against the admission of illiterate immigrants and visitors.

The war has interrupted great campaigns against illiteracy in many parts of the world, notably China. Here great progress had been made under the Republic. In recent years more than 40,000,000 have been taught to read and write, but many more millions remain illiterate.

India has at least 300,000,000 illiterates, and although 30,000,000 have been taught to read and write in recent years,

the problem is full of difficulties, superstitious, religious and political. Not the least difficulty in India is the extreme diversity of languages. There are more than 200, and educated Indians can often converse together only in English.

The great Indian census taken in 1941 showed some astonishing figures for illiteracy, and provided some encouragement for the future.

In the United Provinces, for instance, the number of illiterates is only 8 per cent. of the population, and that for women only 2 per cent—only 20 women in 1,000 can read or write. But there had been great strides since the 1931 census. In Punjab the literary figure of 13 represents an increase of 140 per cent.—390 per cent. if women alone are taken. Over the whole of India the increase was 70 per cent.

In many countries it is the mother who gives a child its first simple lessons in reading and writing. An increase in female literacy is, therefore, of special value, and when the prejudice against literacy for women in India dies, progress may be rapid.

When the enormous mass of illiterates in the world is considered the ideal of those who would like to see every adult able to read and write seems hopeless. How many teachers are required for a thousand million men and women?

ONE FOR ONE.

The ideal does not seem so remote when you consider the slogan of one of the great

campaigners for literacy, Dr. Frank C. Laubach. "Each one to teach one," he says. Let each person who learns to read and write a few words teach them to someone else, and the process will pyramid with startling rapidity.

This is the method he has used in campaigning in a dozen markedly illiterate countries from the Philippines to Turkey. To anyone who regards the task as hopeless, he points out that we all start life as illiterates and, for that matter, without even being able to talk. It is no harder for the adult to learn to read and write than the child—if he wants to.

That, perhaps, is the key to

USELESS EUSTACE



"It's just a chance! Blowed if we can get a pram anywhere!"

the whole business—the desire to read and write.

And two potent forces are at work at the moment increasing this desire. One is broadcasting. Sooner or later the intelligent person, even in the remotest village, wants to be able to find out more about some broadcast, or to compare what he is told with information from other sources. The other force is the urge to play a part in politics.

As long as a man cannot read, he must form his judgments on what he is told, and sooner or later the desire comes to check and compare with the printed word.

It is true that literacy is no guarantee of political freedom or acumen—Germany is a highly literate nation, yet swallowed everything. All the same, few would disagree that without a high degree of literacy there can be no real self-government.

Apart from India and China, which present the great problems in the East, there are a number of European countries with high literacy. Spain, Portugal and Greece all have a percentage of illiterates of over 30, and as everywhere, the percentage of women is much higher than of men.

Over the whole world, the percentage of illiteracy is now calculated at about 62.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

It's All Good News for P.O.

William Laurie



WHEN we called at 47 Baldwin Avenue, Knightswood, Glasgow, P.O. William Laurie, your mother-in-law said Irma had gone into town to do some shopping with Hilly, so as we knew you would like a bit of home news we awaited her return.

Your wife says she is feeling very well, having just returned from Girvan with Hilly after a stay of three weeks, in which they had really lovely weather. Robert arrived after about a week, for fourteen days prior to embarkation leave

Bell at the "King's Arms" wishes to be remembered to you and says there will always be a pint waiting for you when you return.

"Dad" says when you come back "Mine's a Guinness," and we are quite sure your father would say the same if he were there.

Irma says she heard from your folks and they are all keeping fit. Norman is expected back any time now from the Middle East, so Alma and Sandra are getting quite excited, as you can well imagine.

Mum's message is, she would like some more of that marzipan, especially if it has been bounced about a bit, and she wishes you lots of luck and an early return.

Hilly says she has reserved a table for you in the "Horse and Well," and after having one or two, she is determined to achieve her ambition of beating you at darts, so you had better look out!

Granny sends all her love, and your wife closes by endorsing those remarks, and adds best wishes to all the rest of the boys on the boat.

Wangling Words No. 596

1. Behead a flood and get a head.
2. Add two letters to a European capital, shuffle them, and get a drug.
3. Of what common word is EVEDO the exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The men came in our boat, but the — with the officers.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 595

1. M—ice.
2. REGAL — IA, ALGERIA.
3. PostScript.
4. Eager, agree.

BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY

(Continued from Page 2)

fool she cajoled and left, with scarcely a word, to return to God only knows what particular line of her former folly."

Father Rogan answered nothing. During the silence that succeeded he sat with a quiet expectation beaming in his full lambent eye.

"If you would listen—" began Lorison. The priest held up his hand.

"As I hoped," he said. "I thought you would trust me. Wait but a moment." He brought a long clay pipe, filled and lighted it.

"Now, my son," he said. Lorison poured a twelve-month's accumulated confidence into Father Rogan's ear. He told all; not sparing himself or omitting the facts of his past, the events of the night, or his disturbing conjectures and fears.

"The main point," said the priest, when he had con-

cluded, "seems to me to be this—are you reasonably sure that you love this woman whom you have married?"

"Why," exclaimed Lorison, rising impulsively to his feet—"why should I deny it? But look at me—am I fish, flesh or fowl? That is the main point to me, I assure you."

"I understand you," said the priest, also rising, and laying down his pipe. "The situation is one that has taxed the endurance of much older men than you—in fact, especially much older men than you. I will try to relieve you from it, and this night. You shall see for yourself into exactly what predicament you have fallen, and how you shall, possibly, be extricated. There is no evidence so credible as that of the eyesight."

Father Rogan moved about the room, and donned a soft black hat. Buttoning his coat to his throat, he laid his hand

on the door-knob. "Let us walk," he said.

The two went out upon the street. The priest turned his face down it, and Lorison walked with him through a squalid district, where the houses loomed, awry and desolate-looking, high above them. Presently they turned into a less dismal side street, where the houses were smaller, and, though hinting of the most meagre comfort, lacked the concentrated wretchedness of the more populous byways.

At a segregated, two-storey house Father Rogan halted, and mounted the steps with the confidence of a familiar visitor. He ushered Lorison into a narrow hallway, faintly lighted by a cobwebbed hanging lamp. Almost immediately a door to the right opened and a dingy Irishwoman protruded her head.

"Good evening to ye, Mistress Geehan," said the priest, unconsciously, it seemed, fall-

ing into a delicately flavoured brogue. "And is it yourself can tell me if Norah has gone out again, the night, maybe?"

"Oh, it's yer blissid riverence! Sure and I can tell ye the same. The purty darlin' wint out, as usual, but a bit later. And she says, 'Mother Geehan,' says she, 'it's me last noight out, praise the saints, this noight is!' And, oh, yer riverence, the swate, beautiful drame of a dress she had this toime! White satin and silk and ribbons, and lace about the neck and arrums—'twas a sin, yer riverence, the gold was spint upon it."

The priest heard Lorison catch his breath painfully, and a faint smile flickered across his own clean-cut mouth.

"Well, then, Mistress Geehan," said he, "I'll just step upstairs and see the bit boy for a minute, and I'll take this gentleman up with me."

"He's awake, thin," said the woman. "I've just come down

from sitting wid him the last hour, tilling him fine shstories of ould County Tyrone. 'Tis a greedy gossoon, it is, yer riverence, for me shstories."

"Small the doubt," said Father Rogan. "There's no rocking would put him to slape the quicker, I'm thinking."

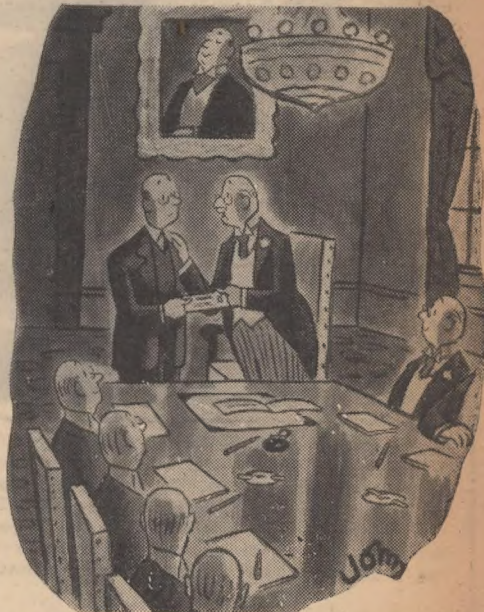
Amid the woman's shrill protest against the retort, the two men ascended the steep stairway. The priest pushed open the door of a room near its top.

"Is that you already, sister?" drawled a sweet child-ish voice from the darkness.

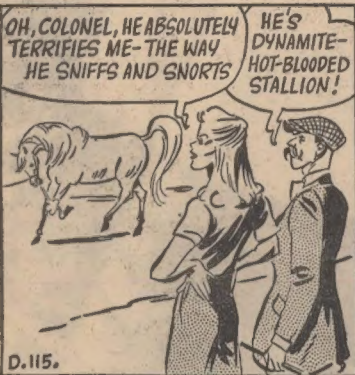
"It's only ould Father Denny come to see ye, darlin'; and a foine gentleman I've brought to make ye a gr-r-and call. And ye resaves us fast asleep in bed! Shame on yez manners!"

"Oh, Father Denny, is that you? I'm glad. And will you light the lamp, please? It's on the table by the door. And quit talking like Mother Geehan, Father Denny."

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.



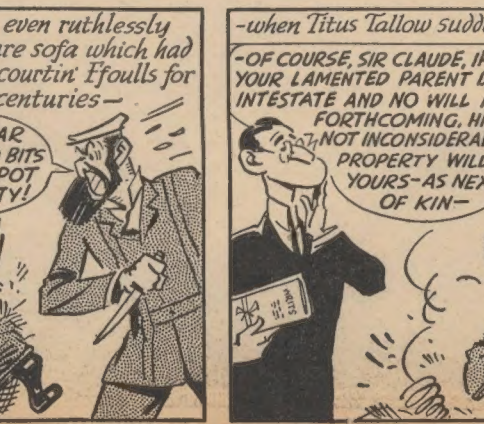
RUGGLES



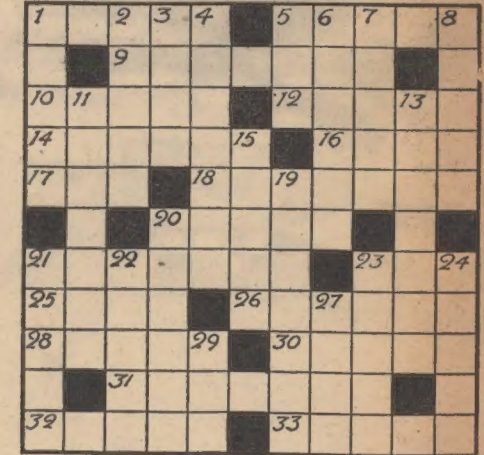
GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Animal, 5 New Zealand birds, 9 Feed, 10 Heart, 12 Goes to and fro, 14 Conversationalist, 16 Girl's name, 17 Oo'our, 18 Number, 20 Picks, 21 Absolutely, 23 Rule, 25 Pronoun, 26 Layers, 28 Willow, 30 Rakes, 31 Motley, 32 Use up, 33 Annoying.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Soup, 2 Fish, 3 Steep, 4 Melodious, 5 Hide, 6 Eyots, 7 Space of time, 8 Girl's name, 11 Hoarse, 13 Raise, 15 Streams, 19 Insect-catching plant, 20 Cheese protein, 21 Implements, 22 Nonsense, 23 Extols, 24 Weak and watery, 27 Function, 29 Carmine.

Good Morning

They know their oats at the "Nosebag Café"—the best "Pull-up for Cart-horses" in the City of London.



Now what do you think she used to do in this rig-out? We asked the Editor—and he thought she went to bed in it. We asked the Art Bloke—and he thought she went swimming in it. We asked ourselves—and we thought she left the room in it.

If you're likely to be in Marlborough, Wilts., in the near future, and you ask the vicar of St. Peter's Church to let you climb up into the belfry and look straight up the High Street—why, you'll get just exactly the view you see here. We decided to print it to save you the trouble! The thoughtful type, that's us.



WARNING ! DANGER OF COMMON FIRES

That grass looks pretty dry to us. Seems as though it only needs a spark to touch it off like tinder. Then, what the heck is Rita Hayworth, Hollywood's ball of fire, doing in the middle of it? It certainly appears highly dangerous—can only hope the fire brigade boys are on their toes.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I can feel the heat from here!"

